TRAIN ROBBERY'S DECLINE.

DEATH PENALTY IN THE WEST THE CAUSE OF THE DECADENCE.

The Robbers Were Just Becoming Expert In the Use of Dynamite to the Dismay of Safemakers and Armored Car Builders—Noted Cases of This Kind of Crime

TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 21.—It is held by railway men and express agents whose lines traverse this territory that the efficacy of a law affixing the death penalty to a crime against property has been proved by the utter decadence of the once thriving industry of train-robbery. There was a time when it was a common mode of making a living. Within a year of the passage of the law defining it as a capital offence it had dwindled in Arizona by more than fifty per cent. In two years cases of train hold-ups were rare. Since then there have been merely sporadic cases. The men of the road have gone back to robbing stage coaches, or take their chances in looting detached express offices in small towns. Ninety per cent. of them think too much of their necks to run them into almost certain nooses.

There has been, however, one curious result of the law: While it has enormously decreased the number of train robberies, it has increased the percentage of fatalities attendant upon them. This is due to the fact that with capital punishment hanging over them, only the most desperate kind of criminals have been willing to engage in looting trains at all, and once in it they were prepared to stop at nothing. In these days the slightest show of resistance is met with instant death. The robbers say that as they are going to be hanged anyhow if caught, they might as well be hanged for something worth while.

Eight years ago in Arizona there was a train robbery a month, and this is a large number when the comparatively few railroads in this territory and the few trains are taken into consideration. Into such a condition of desuetude has the pursuit descended, that it has now been more than a year since anything like a "decent hold-up" has been accomplished. That which is true of Arizona is true also of California, in which state the law covers train-wrecking as well as train robbery. It is also true of nearly all the states in which train robbery once flourished. Not all these states have prescribed the death penalty for the crime, but the robbers seem to think they have. The inactivity of their brethren in the far southwestern states has discouraged them. In Texas, for instance, there has been no coup of this kind worthy of the name for more than a year, yet in Texas, less than ten years ago, there were five distinct bands of robbers operating simultaneously. It is a tribute to the officers of that state that very few of these men are now alive. Most of them were killed before there was a chance to send them to the penitentiary.

The almost utter stoppage of these enterprises merely through the fear of public execution is a singular thing, and it becomes more singular still when it is recalled that the men engaged in it just previous to its decline had succeeded in perfecting a means of entrance to express cars and safes against which all the science and ingenuity of builders were powerless. That means was dynamite, applied in large quantities where it would do the most good. Cars lined with steel, which were good enough against rifles or shotguns, were no bars to it, nor could any express messenger, however brave and trusted, be expected to remain at his post when once the threat was made that he would be blown up unless he opened the doors and betrayed the combination. High explosives of this kind were unknown to the early practitioners of the craft, and if they had known how to use giant powder their hauls would have been even larger than they were. When dynamite was first used by robbers they were unskillful. They had no idea of the proper quantity and they blew up themselves as often as they blew up the cars. They learned rapidly however, and when suddenly and permanently discouraged by the hangman's rope were fast becoming experts in explosive forces. There is no record of any express car standing against the use of explosives when they were properly applied, and the managers of the companies were in despair when the legislatures came to their relief. The express chiefs had gone even to the length of sending a powerful lobby to Washington to work for a national law prescribing the death penalty. It becomes speedily apparent, however, that the national jurisdiction in this matter extended only to the territories. It could not be stretched to cover the States although United States mail was carried upon every train that was dynamited. Even Congressmen with every disposition to oblige were forced to admit that it would be hardly the proper thing to provide hanging as a punishment for delaying the mails, so the thing fell through. State legislatures are almost wholly responsible for the widely-spread reform of the railway freebooter.

The rise and fall of this industry, if completely and sensibly written, would make a book more thrilling than the work known as the "Villiantos of Montano," a paper-covered volumne compiled by a preacher, which once had the distinguished honor of commendation at the hands of Charles Dickens. So far as records extend, and they are believe to be reasonably complete, the various railways and express compenies having kept a careful account of their losses in this way, as well as of their numerous encounters, the first train-robbery in the United States occurred in Indiana. The year was 1866. One night in September an express on the Ohio and Mississippi road slowed up at Brownstown. This place is ninety miles west of Cincinnati. Two men climbe on the locomotive, covered the engineer and fireman with revolvers and conversed pleasantly. They were heavily masked. As they talked, their companions uncoupled the express car and the engineer was forced to haul it five miles down the road.

Here the car was entered, the messenger obliged to unlock the safe and $12,000 was taken. The affair caused a fever of excitement all through the country and the railway people saw at once that a new and terrible war had begun against them. For this crime the members of a family named Reno were held to be responsible, but there was no evidence of their guilt and they were not molested.

A few months later two boys inspired by the fire of imitation, held up a train on the same road and near the same point. They were taken in hand by their parents, who delivered them to the authorities along with the $3,000 they had stolen. No particular punishment was given them. This was the second train robbery. A year later three Reno brothers, Frank, Jesse, and Sim, along with a relation named Anderson, captured a train on the Indianapolis, Madison and Jeffersonville road at Seymour, which was their home. They threw the express messenger out of the car, broke open the safe and got $135,000, with which they fled to Canada. In that country, after a long chase, they were overtaken and forced to surrender. Long extradition proceedings followed.

While these were in progress six young fellows of Seymour organized a band for the purpose of robbing trains. They proposed to go into the business thoroughly and on a large scale. Their plans were perfected to the extent of selecting their hiding places and means of escape, when they were betrayed by an outside confederate, who was to share in the plunder though he had not been asked to do any of the work. They stopped a train and found themselves face to face with a resolute force of armed deputies. They were captured without trouble and locked up. At daybreak next morning a hundred citizens of Seymour took them from their cells and hanged them to a tree a mile west of the town. Soon after this lynching the three Renos and Anderson were brought back from Canada. They were lodged in the jail at New Albany, Ind., for safe keeping, the temper of the Seymour folk making it unhealthy for trainrobbers in their neighborhood. The event showed that the precaution was useless. The trouble with New Albany was that it was not far enough away. A lynching party which had been formed at Seymour for the reception of the Renos went to New Albany a thousand strong, battered down the jail door and made their way to the cells occupied by the men. Here followed a long and desperate fight. The cells were so small that not many of the mob could get at the prisoners and they did not want to shoot them. The unarmed but undaunted ruffians fought with all their strength and it was half an hour before, battered from head to heels and covered with blood, they were dragged out and hanged.

There was another Reno brother named Jack, who had been concerned in their last robbery. He was not captured at the time the four ran away to Canada, but was taken afterward and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. One day, years after the lynching, he walked into the Chicago office of the Adams Express company, asked for the manager, and announced that he was Jack Reno, the last of the gang, saying also that he had just been pardoned. He asked the company's representative what he intended to do against him, as there were other charges pending. He produced a "marble Bible," which he had made when a convict, and laid it on the desk as an evidence of his good intentions. The express manager told him to go home. Jack remarked that the business did not pay enough to equalize the punishment it entailed, went back to Seymour and settled down to work. He is there now, a respected, tax-paying citizen.

The lynching of these ten men in Indiana appears to have discouraged prospective robbers for a little while. They broke out again, however, in 1870. On July 21 of that year eight men tore up the track of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road near Council Bluffs, Iowa. The train was derailed, the engineer was killed and more than a dozen passengers were badly injured. As the crash came the outlaws rushed from hiding places near the roadbed, robbed their wounded and terrified victims and took $6,000 from the express car. This was known as the "Council Bluffs outrage," and the daily papers of the time were tremendously wrought up over it. Thirty thousand dollars was offered as a reward for the capture, dead or alive, of the perpetrators, but they got clear with their booty. The Council Bluffs affair was reasonably successful from the criminal point of view, yet, strangely enough, it was followed by a long stagnation in the business. It was 1875 before the country was startled by an attempt to rob a Vandalia line express car at Long Point, Ill. The bandits shot and killed the engineer, Milo Eames, uncoupled the express car from the remainder of the train and ran it two miles down the track. The express messenger refused to open up the safe and fought like a tiger. They were still battling with him and apparently as far from success as ever, when they were frightened away by the approach of the train conductor, who headed a party of armed passengers. These robbers were not the genuine article and had little nerve. They threw away not only their weapons in the flight, but at various places on their headlong stampede they threw away body suits of mail which they had worn under their clothing. An offered reward of $40,000 failed to land any of them in jail.

In this year the James boys, who were genuine all through, came to the front as train robbers. They had been previously merely raiders of banks and stage coaches. They forced the station agent at Gadshill, Mo., on the Iron Mountain road, to flag a passenger train, which they held up with little trouble. Their booty was $12,000, taken from passengers and express messengers alike. A year later, at Otterville, Kan., they robbed a Missouri Pacific train of $15,000. On Oct. 7, 1877, the James and Younger boys took $35,000 from a Chicago & Alton train at Glendale, Mo. Their biggest haul was made at Muncie, Kan., in Dec., 1878, when they held up a Kansas Pacific train, obtained $55,000, and fled into the Indian Territory. They reappeared as train robbers in 1881. At Winston, Mo., they boarded a Rock Island train. Conductor Westfall, who made some show of resistance, was shot dead by Jesse James. A passenger named McMillan, was killed by a random bullet. They got only $5,000 on this raid. Two months later they went through a Chicago & Alton train at Glendale and rode away with $20,000 in money and jewels. This was the last train robbing exploit of the James boys. Jesse was shot by the Ford brothers next year, and Frank fled into Tennessee, subsequently standing trial, getting an acquittal, and settling down to a quiet life. He is now the doorkeeper of a flash theatre in St. Louis.

In the latter part of the seventies train-robbing was in a flourishing condition in many parts of the South and West. It was in 1877 that one of the most successful jobs of this kind ever planned was put into execution. Out at Big Springs, Neb., a party of six Texas cowmen, headed by Hank McDonald, boarded an overland train on the Union Pacific without attracting especial attention, got into the express car and helped themselves to $110,000. A long pursuit followed, three of the robbers were killed and $40,000 of the money recovered. The rest of it and the men who had it, with one exception, were never heard of again. The afterward famous Sam Bass was a member of this gang. He got back to his own State, organized a band, and for some years terrorized a large extent of country. He was killed by rangers in a running fight in the eastern part of the state.

From Sam Bass to Rube Burrows stretched a long line of knights of the road, some of them showing great ability and others not. In general they were reasonably successful, making much more money than they could have earned in legitimate pursuits and, so long as they kept clear of murder, there was nothing worse ahead of them than a sentence to the penitentiary, provided always that they did not resist posses attempting their arrest. In such cases they were invariably killed.

One of the most celebrated of them was Brack Cornett, also of Texas, better known as "Captain Dick." The Southern Pacific railway was his special prey. He robbed its trains five times in a year, always obtaining a respectable booty. On one occasion he cut off the ears of an express messenger who had resisted him and subsequently mailed them to his victim. After holding up a train east of Del Rio, he kept in duress for an hour an aged maiden school teacher and compelled her to dance upon the prairie to lewd cowboy ditties, accompanying himself on a guitar. "Captain Dick" was killed across a camp fire by Alfred Allee, who shot him through the heart for a reward of $2 500. Rube Burrows affected the Texas and Pacific road, but occasionally switched to the Illinois Central. On a train of this railway in 1886 he killed Chester Hughes, a passenger, who resisted, and thereafter fled fast from the gallows. He was captured finally in Alabama and killed while endeavoring to escape.

Of all the bloody men of the road, indubitably the shrewdest and one of boldest, was John Sontag, of California. He was trapped and shot in the Sierra Nevada, but not until he had sent four detectives to their long account. He seemed to have a genius for detecting detectives and liked to kill them. His passing left but one band of organized train-robbers in the country. This gang was composed mostly of the famous Dalton brothers, a family of dead shots, which had the peculiarity of shooting rifles always with the rifle butt below the hip. Holding a gun in this way, Bill Dalton would account for three men in ten seconds at a distance of two hundred yards. He was nothing less than phenomenal, and only a shade better than his kinsmen.

The Daltons began their career near Tulare, Cal., where they held up an express train and forced the engineer to break open the safe for them. They got $10,000. Their most noted exploit was stopping and robbing a train which carried an armed guard of twenty men. This was done near Adair, Indian Territory. The robbers kept such a fusillade that the guards did not dare to show a head until the express car had been gutted. One passenger was killed and several wounded by the flying bullets. After their celebrated raid upon the bank in Coffeyville Kan., when they fought an entire town, Bill Dalton was the only one of the brothers left alive, the other two having fallen then. He was killed in the southern part of Indian Territory not a great while afterward, in single combat by a man much his inferior in quickness and accuracy.

It was ten years after train robbery became a common enough crime before the lone robber made his appearance. The first instance of the kind was the braining of Express Messenger Nichols on a Rock Island and Pacific train near Joliet, Ill. His assailant was captured, but for some reason was not hanged. He is now doing time in the penitentiary. Sometime afterward, near Pacific, Mo., one man bound and gagged an express messenger named Fotheringham and took from the safe $100,000. This individual's name was Wittrock, but he was much better known as "Jim Cummings," under which alias he wrote many letters to the newspapers while evading arrest. He was finally captured and served a term in the penitentiary. Almost all of the money was recovered, Wittrock having been kept too busy dodging to spend much of it. Equally daring was the exploit of Oliver Curtis Perry, who gained entrance to a New York Central express car at Syracuse intimidated the messenger, abstracted $26,000 from the safe, pulled the bell cord and, when the train slowed, jumped off into the darkness.

The first successful attempt with dynamite was made in 1859 near Glendale, Mo. Four masked men blew open an armoured car and got $50,000. Two of them, Hedgepeth and Siye, were arrested and convicted. So effective was the use of the explosive upon this occasion that it may be said to be the parent of all subsequent dynamite robberies. In two years a stick of it became as much a part of the robber's outfit as his pistol.

Probably the most unsuccessful attempt at train robbing in all the annals of the craft occurred at a water tank five miles southeast of El Paso, Tex., in 1888. The east-bound Southern Pacific passenger train stopped there one night to fill the boiler. The large door of the express car stood wide open and inside was a messenger known to associates as "Windy" Smith. His lamp was unlighted. To the door came two men, evidently new to the business, who stood on the prairie, peered into the dark interior and called upon whomever might be there to throw up his hands. Smith, being totally invisible to them, picked up a shot gun, poked it within three feet of them and calmly killed them both.

BANGOR'S DEAL TRADE.

A Once Prosperous Industry in the Old Maine Town Has Revived.

BANGOR, Me., Aug. 26.—Bangor's deal trade, after many years, has come back again, and to-day there are scenes along the river that recall the times when millions of Penobscot logs, sawed into thick planks, were shipped away every year to the ports of the United States and all over continental Europe—the times when prices of lumber and everything else were high, and when the Yankee wooden sailing ship was still a queen in the fleet and a winner in the race for the world's deep water commerce. As Annie Pixley used to sing with tender regret of "The days of '49", so the Bangor sailorman and lumberman sings in his heart of the days just before or those after the war, when ships were many here and business brisk.

Away back before the war Bangor did a smashing business in lumber with many ports in four continents, and after the war the business was revived to some extent. Countless millions of feet of deals were sent to the United Kingdom and vast quantities of "3 by 9 stuff" to South America, while the wealth of Penobscot's clear and wide white pine was scattered all over the West Indies. Prices were for the most part good, wages high for stevedores, freights also high and sailors' pockets were seldom empty. Times were flush in the port of Bangor in those days.

The vessels that used to come to Bangor in that time for foreign loading were among the best specimens of wooden construction ever turned out anywhere, and the fleets that used to gather at High Head docks were a delight to the sailor's eye and a satisfaction to the heart of all patriotic Americans. In recent years there have been some notable sea congresses at these same docks, but there is a vast difference between the old fleets and the new. Now-a-days the foreign trade is done almost entirely in foreign bottoms, and even the foreign sailing vessels are being crowded out by British and Norwegian tramp steamships, that carry so much at a load and go quickly and cheaply. Never again does Bangor expect to see such splendid American ships as the Belle of Bath, the Conqueror, the William H. Conner, the Reynard and the ships of the great McGilvery fleet; they never come here now, and, indeed, few of them are left in any trade.

But Bangor is shipping deals again, with a lot of other stuff, to foreign ports, and is glad of it, even if the business is done in foreign steamers. For some years the tramp steamers have been coming here, but not until lately in the deal trade. They have been engaged till now in the transportation of spool wood to the Scottish mills and ground wood pulp to various parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent. Last year 20,000,000 feet of deals were shipped, and this year the exportation will be as much or more. Some of the steamers take as much as 2,000,000 feet, others from a million to million and a half. One of last year's fleet carried away 3,000,000 feet.

The tramp steamers load quickly, carry a big cargo and cross the water in about 14 days. They carry few men, have no repairs that can be made here and leave little money in the port, which is one reason why they are not liked. Sometimes as many as four or five of the deal steamers are here at a time, loading or waiting for cargo, and strangers are surprised to see such big ships so far up a fresh water river. Some of the steamers are of 3,000 tons, gross, and draw 23 and 24 feet of water loaded. But the Penobscot is a deep river, and with the expenditure of a moderate sum for dredging could be made safe for almost any vessel of the navy, here at a distance of 25 miles from the head of the bay.

A PENALTY FOR DOING THEIR DUTY.

Queer Practice Followed by the Ambulance Surgeons in This City.

The ambulance came into the hospital yard at a reckless rate of speed. The surgeon on it was shouting for stretchers before the ambulance stopped at the hospital door. Two orderlies seized the wounded man, hurriedly put him into a stretcher and lifted him within reach of two house physicians who came hustling down the steps with stethoscopes in their hands. They applied the instruments to the breast of the injured man and said "all right." The orderlies carried him into the hospital reception room and there the physicians again applied the stethoscopes. This time they pronounced him dead.

"Well," said the ambulance surgeon, "that was a narrow escape and I couldn't afford it this week, either."

Asked to explain his strange remark, the surgeon said: "There is a penalty for any ambulance surgeon bringing a dead man or a drunken man to the hospital. It doesn't make any difference if he has died on the way here, or how badly he was hurt. He must be examined with the stethoscope before he can come into the hospital and if the doctors pronounce him dead, why the ambulance surgeon is stuck. It costs him drinks and the cigars for all the other doctors in the hospital.

"Take this case," he continued. "That man was sure to die. I knew it the minute I saw him. But common decency demanded that he should not be allowed to die in the streets. Yet I knew that I was taking a risk in getting him in the ambulance and bringing him here. If we had been delayed for even a minute on the road, I would have had to spend about eight dollars for the fun of the rest of the doctors. Luckily, we had clear streets and we made record time.

"This is the custom in every hospital in the city. If it was only the fatally injured to whom the rule applied, it would not be so bad. But the surgeon who brings in a plain drunk gets it harder than in the other case. That's the reason so many men are allowed to stay in the station house cells with fractured skulls. It is not the easiest thing in the world to make a sidewalk diagnosis and decide whether a man is merely unconscious from liquor or whether he has a fractured skull. So the surgeons usually take no chances and allow the man to stay in the cell until the symptoms are developed enough to show whether or not the skull is really fractured.

"I know it's wrong, but we youngsters can't upset all the time-honored customs of such old institutions."

A Country That Forbids Woman's Presence at Funerals.

From the Chicago Record.

One of the curious social laws of Peru forbids women to attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in the carriages.

STORIES TOLD OF DEWEY.

THE ADMIRAL'S TRAITS AS SEEN BY FELLOW OFFICERS.

His Dislike of Swearing and a Rebuke to an Admiral—A Fine Swordsman—Love of Mischief When a Schoolboy—Snake Trick Played on Him by a Sailor.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—If you should happen to join a group of retired naval officers at the club after they got talking about Admiral George Dewey, you would hear some very interesting things concerning him. One feature of the talk cannot but attract attention. There is not the slightest disposition to carp at his good fortune, or talk about some people always being lucky. While some of them may think that they would have done just as Dewey did under similar conditions none of them say so. They are content to praise him, and keep silent as to the "what I would have done."

While Dewey has always been well liked by those in and out of the service who knew him well, he has always possessed a sort of reticence, that has prevented him from being very popular, as the term is generally understood. He is cool, rather taciturn, especially when in a company where he is not very well acquainted. And then, he is fastidious to a degree. While he may swear to the extent of a "big big D", he never uses the form of objurgation which involves the sacred name. And as for obscenity, he detests it with a loathing that cannot be expressed in words. He was always so. Many years ago while he was a watch officer, he happened to be serving under an admiral who was distinguished in his profession for his bull dog courage and his rough language. He was of a class that is known as "a jacky officer," meaning one whose manners savor more of the forecastle than the quarter deck. One day "the old man," as the chief is known in sailor parlance, became upset about something, and turned loose upon everything in sight in his characteristic way. Well, Dewey was in sight, and after standing it a few minutes, he walked up to the raging commander of the fleet, and saluting said:

"Admiral ——, I will not allow you or any man living to address me in the language you are using."

The captain of the flagship and nearly all his officers were present and heard the conversation. The old admiral turned red, and then purple. He did not utter a word for some minutes. Meantime Dewey had left the group and returned to whatever it was he had in hand.

"Tell Mr. Dewey I wish to speak to him," said the Admiral to an ensign.

"Dewey's going to catch it now," whispered the officers who heard the order.

In a moment up came Lieut. Dewey.

"You sent for me, sir?" said he saluting.

"Yes, I did, sir," the other answered. "I wanted to say to you that I was not addressing you in my remarks a few minutes ago. That is all, sir." And the old terror of the seas resumed his promenade.

And so the incident ended. But it was noticed that Admiral —— treated the quiet lieutenant with unusual respect and courtesy all the rest of the cruise.

It has been charged against Dewey that he was a howling swell. In so far as that may mean one who has the best that money can buy among his personal belongings the expression is true. He is the most carefully tailored officer in the United States Navy. It is really an object lesson in the art of dressing well to observe Dewey's daily method ashore.

While Admiral Dewey always maintains a well filled sideboard and sometimes takes a drink when he wants one, he is not a tippler. If he could have his way, when in command of a ship he would never have officers who habitually drank sent to serve under him. "Anything but a drunkard!" said he passionately once when he and some others were talking of a captain who had just been put on pledge. "You can never tell what harm a drunken man will do. I would much rather be compelled to be shipmate with a lunatic. Him I could restrain, but not the drunkard. If I had my way no officer in either army or navy who had been court-martialed and dismissed the service for drunkenness should ever be restored to the active list unless his reformation was absolutely sure."

Dewey is perhaps the best small swordsman among the senior officers of the navy, indeed, the best in the service excepting possibly Lieutenant-Commander Lucien Young, whose skill with the three cornored duelling sword is a matter of note all through the service. Standing about 5 feet 9½, or 10, lithe, and with cat-like quickness, the American Admiral would be a dangerous antagonist with the glittering blade in his hand if he meant business. He has a liking for the sword. "It has been the weapon par excellence of the knight and the gentleman for a thousand years," he once said, talking of the *arme blanche* to a comrade. "With it, kings bestowed the accolade. It is the knightliest and noblest of weapons. With its record of chivalry, the white arm comes down through the ages, the last legacy of the dead days of romance and beauty to the twentieth century."

The early life of men of force and mark is generally interesting. Admiral Dewey spent his younger days at Norwich, Vt. All the old residents of that placid New England village remember the American Admiral. Some interesting reminiscences of Dewey as a boy are related by the old inhabitants. As a lad Dewey had a most congenial companion in his sister, who is now Mrs. Greeley. They were fine, vigorous children, with a large amount of courage and imagination. In their play the realistic was very much in evidence. They particularly delighted in dangerous adventures. They were fond of making believe that the boy was some mythical warrior and the girl a forlorn princess about to be devoured by a sea monster. They put into their play some very realistic action. A neighbor who watched the scene said: "I saw Mary wade out into the river where the water was up to her knees, and then George, with a wild yell, dashed out after her, brandishing a big stick with which he beat the water in every direction. He threw his left arm around her and escorted her to the shore. When they came up the bank I asked what the matter was and the little girl with a charming lisp said: "I was being rescued from a ferocious alligator by my brother George, who came just in time to save me.'"

In his earliest school days, Dewey displayed no great precocity, nor any marked tendency toward scholarship. He was never a bad boy, but often a very mischievous one. His mischief took the direction of playing tricks on anybody who gave a fair opening. He had a school teacher who was apt to become irritated easily. This teacher was very neat and precise. He particularly delighted in clean pens and well-filled inkstands. Young Dewey for awhile kept this man's nerves constantly twitching. One of the tricks he played upon his schoolmaster was to put bits of tin foil in the writing ink. In a second it turned the fluid from a deep black into a shabby reddish brown. The discoloration was only temporary, and in forty-eight hours disappeared; but it was so marked as to create unpleasant surprises and the repeated filling and emptying of the ink bottles. Still another of his pranks was to put a drop of oil into the teacher's inkstand. It did not show, but its effects upon the pen was enough to drive a nervous person to bad language.

It was at old Norwich University in Vermont that Admiral Dewey studied. He entered the university in 1851, when he was 14 years of age, and remained there until 1854, when having received his appointment as a cadet to the United States Naval Academy he entered that institution. At Norwich he received some military training and easily mastered the manual of arms. He would have been an officer in the cadet corps but for his mischievousness. The usual punishment for such offenses as his was to compel the offender o stand guard for a certain number of hours. Dewey's face was soon a very familiar one to the town people. One day, while the youngsters were marching up and down, and going through a voluntary drill performance, a sympathetic and venerable gentleman stopped him and said:

"My son, you have a very nice face; why do you do things which make punishment necessary and cause you always to be kept on guard?"

Not a muscle changed in the youngster's features, although his eyes twinkled, as he answered; "I don't mind telling you, sir, that's it's the only way in which I get the exercise I need."

Practical jokers are often made the victims of jokes. Dewey has always had a strong aversion to his men getting drunk. On one cruise a sailor had delirium tremens, and his case was used as an object lesson by the Admiral to his men. Once or twice, when the sailors got shore leave, Dewey admonished them not to bring any snakes on board when they returned. One day while in one of the East Indian ports, a sailor came up the side looking the worse for liquor. Dewey's eagle eye rested on him a moment and then he said:

"So you've brought some snakes back with you?"

The man saluted very respectfully and said: "Yes, sir, here it is," and putting his hand in his shirt drew out a squirming rock python which he had secured from a native who had caught it ashore.

The Admiral realized that he had been caught and dismissed the man. But he made no more allusions to snakes on that cruise. The forecastle, the place where the sailors bunk, felt that they "had it on the old man," for once that time.

STORKS OF THE ORIENT.

Their Interesting Ways and Their Care for a Maimed Comrade.

From the Presbyterian Banner.

When I went to the East in 1838, Commodore Porter was our minister Resident at the Sublime Porte. He was residing at the time of my visit at San Stefano, about 10 miles west of Constantinoble, right on the shore of the beautiful sea of Marmora. It was a charming place for a warworn veteran to enjoy the quiet evening of life. In all that region north of the sea of Marmora, extending beyond the Balkan mountains to the Danube, the stork is a favorite bird. Along the north of Marmora, where there are very few tall trees, the stork builds its nest on the tops of chimneys, which in the East are always covered, the smoke issuing from side windows or openings. The nests are very rude in appearance, about as large as a two-bushel basket. Sticks as large as your finger are skilfully woven into them. They are made soft and nice with moss and cotton and wool, or whatever the skillful bird thinks will make her parlor comfortable. The stork has two long legs, but for some reason or other generally stands upon one, the other drawn up among his feathers. I think I have seen as many as 50 in a row on a river bank, each one standing on one leg. When thus standing in repose it is about three feet high, the chief part of the hight being leg and neck. It stalks over the field with an awkward gait, its neck alert, and its lightning stroke finishes the race of any snake, lizard, toad bug or other "vermin" on the ground. From kitchen refuge it selects what suits its taste, and is bold in claiming it. It has no voice. The strange clatter of its broad, flat bill is indescribable. It seems to play rough tunes to its mate.

Commodore Porter had a stork's nest on the chimney of his kitchen, a building separate from the house and connected by a covered way. The chimney was tall, round like a column, and very picturesquely covered by this rough nest. The commodore took great delight in watching the social life of his storks, especially when they came to teach the youngsters to fly. The young, awkward, long-legged thing would stand on the rim of the nest and flap its wings, but fear to launch away, while the old storks would career around and clatter their bills r provingly and coaxingly but vainly. At length, patience exhausted, an old stork would give him a sudden push and topple him off. He would then use his wings to purpose and the parent birds would be filled with pride and exultation. If the untried wings showed signs of failure in returning to the nest one of the parent birds would come beneath him and lift him with powerful wing to a height that would make his return sure and easy.

Unhappily, one of the commodore's dogs, who knew better seized one of the storks by the wing, and injured it so that it dragged, and of course, the bird could not fly. The commodore, finding that the wing was only lacertaed, but not broken, bound it up in place put the stork in a large cage in the night and had it out to feed in the day time. Its companions stayed by it in anxious sympathy all the day, and only when it was h used would they return to their nest. It seemed so much like human sympathy that Commodore Porter resolved that if good feeding would save the wounded bird, he should be ready for the flight southwar when all the storks would leave. The stork at length began to use its wing for flying down, but it was longer in getting a le to rise even six or eight feet, and nothing would tempt it to regain its nest. It had lost courage and confidence, and was satisfied with its condition, and had evidently formed an attachment to the commodore.

But now the case assumed another aspect. A clattering and knocking and scraping was heard high up in the heavens, and behold, thousands of storks were careering about, calling out a l the storks from river brook and seashore, from treetop and chimney-top, to prepare for the southward flight. A large body swept down low over San Stefano, and a deputation of four alighted to examine the disabled companion. After a time they rose into high air, made their report and all the storks went home. Their reappearance for their final flight was expected in about three or four days, when they would gather in full force, and following one solitary leader, they would take a lofty flight for tropic fields.

Day after day, for two whole weeks, the commodore waited for them, when, at length, they came in gathering flocks, as far as the eye could reach, probably from all Roumelia, Macedonia and it may be from the banks of the Danube.

A large flock hovered low over the wounded mate, with a tremendous clattering of their big red bills. A few alighted, and, after due examination and consultation, all departed but two stalwart fellows, who were commissioned to remain and share the fate of the wounded. They were the "Christian commission" of the storks. Then one stork led off in a lofty, steady flight, with outstretched neck, toward the south; two others followed, and three, and so on, until the base of the triangle thus forme was some hundreds of feet. Then flock after flock fell in and the long column at length disappeared.

Commodore Porter resolved to give the three storks the best possible winter quarters. It was not their purpose at all to stay. It was already very late for their migration. When the wounded was again able to mount to his native home, the chimney-top, it was evident that his two attendants were preparing for flight.

A great clattering of bills called out the commodore, and the news ran through the village that the birds were going to take leave. Every one turned out to view the start. Never were storks before thus honored. They put off in a direct line, the wounded one second. He could not quite maintain the level of their flight. He would certainly fall into the sea of Marmora. The Commodore followed them with his glass, and saw the rear guard at length come underneath the poor fellow, take him on his back and bear him high into the air for another flight. So they disappeared.

"They will have about fifty miles to fly on that line before they can find rest and fodder," said the commodore, "but those gallant fellows will do it. They will do it or all perish together."

The City Founded By Pizarro.

From the Chicago Record.

Pizarro selected the location for Lima, and founded the city Jan. 6, 1535, and, as that was the anniversary of the manifestation of the Savior to the Magi, he called it the City of the Kings. Philip II. designed a coat of arms for the infant capital—a star upon an azure field over three golden crowns. The churches, convents and monasteries of Lima were the finest and most costly in America, and the records show that $90,000,000 was invested in such means of grace by the early authorities. Several of the most imposing churches and two or three monas-teries have been preserved, but the greater number have been destroyed or are badly out of repair.

While most of the piety is shown by the women of the country, they are not allowed to enter churches with their bonnets on. It is the custom to wear a manta or mantilla to church, and worshippers who enter with a "gorra", as they call a bonnet in Spanish, even between the hours of service, are immediately ordered out by the sacristan or some of the other attendants. The respect usually paid to the members of the diplomatic corps does not exempt them from this rule, and Mrs. Dudley, wife of the American minister, who is herself a Catholic, says that before she learned the fact she was turned out of two churches because she had a hat upon her head.

SPORTS OF THE RIVER DRIVERS.

Difficult Feat of Crossing a Mill Pond On Upturned Log Butts.

OLAMON, Me., Aug. 23.—Along certain lines of activity with which their calling has made them familiar, the river drivers of the Maine woods are the most athletic and agile men in the world, performing feats of daring that few circus acrobats would dare to attempt, and risking life and limb for no recompense beyond the applause and admiration of their associates. From April 1, when snowbanks lie in the woods and the streams are filled with floating ice, until the middle of August, when the swamps are rank with miasma and poisonous insects drive the moose and deer into the cool lakes to escape from torture, the men who drive logs never sleep under a roof and seldom take off their clothing, except when it is worn out and past service. They get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and work until dark. Half of them stand to their knees or waists in running water to ward off the timbers from shore, while the other half ride on rolling logs through dangerous rapids and are wet to the skin all the time. Sleeping out of doors, eating poor food and living in defiance of every rule which has been laid down for the preservation of health, these men might be expected to die of diseases due to exposure. Experience has shown, however, that river drivers are among the healthiest of men, being remarkably free from rheumatic and pulmonary complaints. On the West Branch drive, which reached Pea Cove boom a week ago, were men 60 years of age who have driven logs every season for 40 years. They are still spry and capable of great endurance.

After the drive is safely boomed the men go ashore for their pay and to have a little sport around the hotels and boarding houses. When they have absorbed a few drinks of whisky one of the men challenges his close rival to a public test of skill upon the logs in the river. The early trials are easy. Among the first is an attempt to ride a single log over the boom. Each man selects a tapering log about thirty feet long, and, going up river for fifty rods, begins to make headway toward the boom log which is chained directly across his course. The long springy poles are driven to the bottom with increased vigor and the strokes fall more rapidly as the riding log draws near until it is going at almost railway speed. When the boom is about three rods away, the driver walks aft to the extreme end of his log, lifting the bow two or three feet above water. As this slides on over the boom log the driver gives one desperate push with his pole and then leaps to the front end to tip his log so it will slide into the water on the outer side. If the log is smooth and the driver has used a proper amount of strength and judgment, he reaches open water in safety. Otherwise he gets a ducking and comes ashore amid shouts of laughter.

As soon as every claimant for honors has had his fill of this sport the supreme test of agility and good judgment is made by the side of some saw mill where the clapboard butts are awaiting their turn at the saw. Men who can skate on ice an eighth of an inch thick and navigate boiling rapids on a single log have often failed when attempting to cross a still mill pond on upended clapboard butts. The timbers or butts from which clapboards are sawed are four feet long and from fourteen to twenty inches in diameter, having no more sustaining power than a large stick of cordwood. A big stick can hold up a 30-pound dog, provided the dog is able to keep his balance. No clapboard butt ever cut is able to sustain a man for half a minute. In spite of the apparent impossibility of this feat there are fully twenty men in Maine to-day who can cross a wide river on upturned butts. Wearing a pair of sharply calked drivers' boots and carrying a long pick pole to balance himself the driver walks to the edge of the pond, strikes the end of the butt nearest to him with his steel-clad shoes, driving the butt under water until the opposite end shows above the surface. He leaps upon this exposed end with one foot, and with his other foot turns up the next butt ahead. By the time he has landed upon the second butt the first is making a mad drive to the bottom, a process which is repeated by every stick upon which the driver places his foot. All this time the driver must keep his poise perfectly. He must wait until the stick upon which he is to light has reached a perpendicular, though if he pauses on any stick for a tenth of a second he will go under. Meantime he must select as big logs as he can find and must pick them out in a line with the opposite shore if he hopes to win.

When he finally succeeds he and his friends brag about it for years and pass the memory of his achievement down to succeeding generations.

FIFTY YEARS WITH ONE CHURCH.

A Lucky Pastor into Whose Family Death Has Never Come.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Aug. 24.—The Rev. J. G. Williamson celebrated yesterday the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, in Hunterdon county. The church is 165 years old and has had only four pastors. The congregation now worships in its fourth building, which was erected in 1870. Although the congregation is a rural one, according to statistics given by the pastor, in his half century of labor he has received into the church 795 members, baptized 150 infants, attended between 700 and 800 funerals, and married 416 couples. He said that death had never entered his family. His wife, her children and her children's children were all alive. In the fifty years of his pastorate he has only been out of the pulpit on one Sabbath on account of illness. Just before the historical address the pastor baptized an infant grandchild, and after the address a purse of several hundred dollars in gold was presented to him by Dr. N. Bolleau on behalf of the congregation. There were present friends of the pastor from all parts of the State. In the afternoon congratulatory addresses were made by visiting clergymen. Eighteen people were present who witnessed the Rev. Mr. Williamson's installation fifty years ago.

CANADA'S WEST INDIAN TRADE.

A Large Part of It Coming To This Country—Trinidad a Case In Point.

QUEBEC, Aug. 26.—Canada's trade with the West Indian islands is decreasing in much the same proportion as that between the United States and the West Indies is increasing. Especially is this true of flour. The people of Trinidad much prefer, according to the trade reports received at Ottawa, the blended spring and fall wheat flour sent from the United States to the straight flour manufactured in Canada. But there are also good tariff reasons for the improvement of the American trade at the expense of the Canadian in the British West Indies. Notwithstanding the Canadian preferential tariff, it is still more advantageous for the West Indies to take advantage of the American countervailing duties in exporting their sugar. Finally the entry of the island of Trinidad into reciprocal relations with the United States has dissipated the last hope of Canada for regaining her lost trade.

The manner in which Trinidad came to be included in the reciprocity treaty that was signed in Washington by the British Minister on July 14 last, is thus described by the Canadian agent on the island in official dispatches to Ottawa:

"Trinidad, which up to a recent date had declined, through its executive to enter into negotiations for reciprocity with the United States, made up its mind almost at the last moment. The change in policy here," (Port-of-Spain), "came about when the cable informed us that the delegates to Washington from Barbadoes and British Guiana had received terms far more favorable to these colonies than might have been expected from the conditions indicated in the convention upon which the negotiations were based. Mr. De Jonge, the delegate from Demerara, in passing through here on July 12, met the Chamber of Commerce, and expressed astonishment that this colony had not joined in the treaty. As a result of the conference with Mr. De Jonge the chamber passed and forwarded to the government a strong resolution urging the Secretary of State to accept on behalf of Trinidad the same terms as concluded for British Guiana, if independent negotiations were no longer practicable. A unanimous resolution to the same effect was subsequently carried by the Legislative Council and communicated to Mr. Chamberlain, by whom negotiations were reopened, and the treaty was already signed before the arrival at Washington of the special delegate appointed to proceed there."

STEEL MAKING IN CANADA.

Two Great Companies Going into the Industry—Their Raw Material.

QUEBEC, Aug. 26.—Two great steel companies are going into manufacturing in Canada upon so enormous a scale that when operations are fairly got under way, there ought to be an end of the steel famine which is now delaying and paralyzing steel ship building and similar industries in Europe. The Whitney establishment now being erected at Sydney in Nova Scotia is to be eclipsed by other works to be established at North Sydney near by. It seems that a deal had been made in England to merge the Nova Scotia steel company of Glasgow and the General Mining Association, which latter is the oldest coal company in Cape Breton. The concern will have a capital of $25,000,000, principally English money. The works at North Sydney will include a ship-building plant, a steel rail plant and a dock. The company owns enormous iron mines on Bell Island, Newfoundland. In fact the entire island, which is situated in Conception Bay, consists of practically pure ore that readily breaks into small pieces when mined and can easily be loaded on ship board.

In addition to their own employment of this ore, the company has already sold 300,000 tons of it in Europe for immediate delivery. The sydicate of which Mr. Whitney, of Boston, is the head, has a capital of $15,000,000, and a few days ago a number of those interested in it, including Gen. Alger, Mr. Whitney, Senator Cox of Toronto, Sir William Van Horne and Mr. Jaggans of Moncton, met in Montreol for the purpose of considering how the project would be affected by the present trade relations between the two countries. Work is to be begun at once by the construction of four hundred coke ovens, besides blasting furnaces and steel works, and the manufacture of steel on an extensive scale will be in progress within eighteen months. The open hearth process will be adopted in the making of steel, and this will be followed by the manufacture of all kinds of bridge and other structural work.

Georgia Woman Eats a Pound of Starch Daily.

From the Savannah News.

Among the unfortunate fiends in Savannah has been discovered one addicted to the eating of starch, which it is said is stored away on the average of a pound a day. The unfortunate is a woman and in her desperation she will, after failure to get lump starch, chew up old clothes, or anything else which gives the taste of starch.

The victim of this habit is Mary Carney, an aged woman, who lives at No. 558 Roberts street. She is being treated by City Physician Davis, who did not know until recently that the woman was addicted to the habit of eating starch. She denied everything of the kind, giving other causes for her complaints, but after the physician had visited her a few times he determined she was the subject of some terrible habit. She had a rather clayish color, and there were other symptoms which led the physician to believe she was addicted to a habit of some kind.

After close questioning recently she admitted that she had been eating starch in crude lumps for a number of years, and that she could not get along without it. She told the physician she gulped it down dry, with scarcely enough moisture to admit of its passage into the stomach. It was learned she eats about a pound a day.